

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1871.

The Week.

THERE is to be a meeting, and we have no doubt it will be a great meeting, on Monday next, to express indignation over the condition of the City government. It is to be regretted that it takes place before the hot weather is quite over, but it must take place soon if it is to have any influence on the State election. The Republicans are very confident of their ability to "secure the Legislature" under the influence of the exposures of the *Times*; but securing the Legislature must mean more than getting a nominal Republican majority. It must be a majority that cannot be breached by money, which there is no doubt the Ring will use as money has never been used in political struggles before. It is not, therefore, every man who approves of reconstruction, "endorses Grant," and believes in the equality of men, whom it will do to send to Albany, to deal with the villanies of the City Hall. We must not have any more whining and imprecation over the treachery of Republicans, as over Winans in the employ of the Erie Ring. The majority, too, must be sufficiently large to override the Governor's veto, for it is hardly possible that Hoffman will betray his patrons in their extremity. If such majority can be secured, the whole City government should be promptly legislated out of office. Then, if an honest District Attorney could be secured, there would be a chance of bringing Hall and his associates to justice. Otherwise we fear there is none, except through a vigilance committee, and although no one supposes the formation of a vigilance committee in New York would mean anything short of civil war, nevertheless we believe a good many sober and sensible men begin to recognize the possibility of its becoming expedient to exercise against the Ring the right of revolution, trying to inflict on its leading members the only penalty which has any terrors for them. We presume it is strictly correct to say that the one consequence of thieving which Hall, Tweed, and Connolly would now dread is a violent death. Public scorn, or even the penitentiary, has little terrors for them. This may sound like wild talk to some of our readers in the country, but we do not think it will to most New York observers. We do not know how the affair may end, but we do know that if Barnard, Hall, Tweed, and Connolly close their careers in peace, and ease, and affluence, it will be a terrible blow to political and private morality. They ought to be hunted down for the same reason which led some of the soberest French Liberals to refuse to compromise on any terms with Louis Napoleon. They said the fabric of French society could not support the spectacle of such a man's peaceful death on the throne.

The most cheering sign of the times by far, and, indeed, the one incident which has yet occurred which leads us to hope for reform—from the action of rich Americans we hope little or nothing—is the revolt of the German Democrats against Tammany. This has been looked for with great anxiety for some time, and has come at last. The leading German paper, the *Staats-Zeitung*, which the Republicans ought long ago to have bought, if it cost \$3,000,000, instead of "reorganizing the party in this city," and tinkering the custom-house; which has an enormous circulation and great influence, and has been a firm supporter of Tammany, has declared war against Hall and Connolly & Co., and its action has been followed up by the adoption of resolutions by the German Democratic Committee at their last monthly meeting, on Monday night, inveighing against the financial management of the Ring, calling for an immediate publication of the accounts, and the production hereafter of a monthly financial exhibit, and for the examination of the municipal books by a committee of respectable citizens. There is sufficient reluctance of tone in the resolutions to prove that this action, which is of the highest importance, has been forced on the managers by the rank and file. The Germans will not stand stealing, and we suspect that if they get fairly enlisted in pursuit

of the thieves, they will make this city too hot for them. We believe they have not contributed a single great thief to the City Hall, nor a single knave to the bench. It ought to be said for the Irish that two of the most respected judges, Daly and Brady, are Irishmen; the two noted judicial rascals are Americans; and the chief scoundrels of the City Hall are drawn almost equally from the Irish and Americans. The clearest brains of the Ring are Irish, but the most of the money seems to go to the Americans, who, by the bye, are far more luxurious dogs than the Irish. Their wants are vaster and more varied, and their appetites more delicate.

General Butler opened what he called his "campaign" for the governorship of Massachusetts by a speech on Friday last at Springfield. We have commented on its leading points elsewhere. It was divided into two parts; in the first, he lauded himself highly, with the aid of the "Rebellion Record," from which he made quotation; in the second, he abused his enemies, and notably the editors of the Springfield *Republican* and Hartford *Courant*. The former he ridiculed for not suffering himself to be carried before the Senate Committee in 1859, to testify in the matter of the John Brown raid; of General Hawley, the editor of the *Courant*, he invented a pure falsehood, namely, that he (Butler) had removed him from his command on the James for inefficiency and incompetency, which led to General Hawley's denouncing him as a "liar and a blackguard." This mode of meeting his enemies is an old one of Mr. Butler's, and nothing probably would lead him to abandon it except the fear of physical pain. It does not injure him in the least, however, either with the apostles of the Humanitarian persuasion, or the "ministers of the Gospel" engaged in the Temperance movement, or the "noble women" of the Female Suffrage movement. The *New York Times* has severely reprimanded Mr. Butler for his want of decorum, and regrets that he should have engaged in personalities, instead of a lofty discussion of grave public questions. We entirely concur in this view. We think that for a Christian statesman his conduct has been somewhat unbecoming.

We doubt if there has ever been, in the history of steam transit in America, such a series of accidents as the papers have told of within the last seven days. What with the *Lodona* wrecked, the Mobile explosion, the Westport collision, and the slaughter near Boston, even our careless American travelling public feels, for the moment, at any rate, a decided sense of uneasiness. The popularity of the traditional negro sitting on the safety-valve has entirely vanished; he would be in danger of his life on board a Mississippi steamboat itself, so angry is the community in general with the wicked recklessness or neglect of railway and steamboat officials and owners. The latest accident, up to this time of writing, that which took place near Boston, on Saturday last, is perhaps the worst, and wants hardly any circumstance of horror. It is even probable that the unfortunate passengers perceived that their death was upon them, and had some moments of dreadful expectancy before they perished; some, at least, saw that their time had come; and death coming in that shape must have seemed almost vindictive as well as inevitable and horrible. Another thing about the massacre that was dreadful was the robbery of the mangled bodies while yet not dead, or but just dead. This, we suppose, is to be accounted for by the fact that the usual annual camp-meeting a little further down the road was in session, and, of course, that is a gathering which, like any other large crowd of country people within striking distance, attracts a concourse of dehumanized wretches from the neighboring great city. On the other hand, there was made by some of the victims a display of endurance and unselfishness which was a glory of human nature; or would be but for the fact that it is not a rare display on such occasions, as everybody knows who, during the late war, used to see the hospitals after a battle. It is hardly doubtful that this time the guilt will be fixed upon the criminals, and it is every way probable that they will get from a jury the mercy they deserve. We are glad to see that the relations of the killed and

wounded are already bringing suits against the company for damages, which in the aggregate will be a very large sum; and we hope that, whatever may be the delicacy of private sorrow, considerations of the public good may overbear it, and suit be brought in every instance. Another good thing about this frightful affair is that it will reinforce the public opinion which demands the punishment of the owners of the *Westfield* and their incompetent employees. In the case of that accident, many families lost the mainstay of the household, and suits for damages are peculiarly appropriate.

A very noticeable thing about this disaster is the graphic accounts of it which one and another of the survivors have given. Every reporter and other person engaged in the corruption of the English language, and desirous of having his week's wages raised for doing his work better, should cut out Mr. Charles Story's account, for instance, and keep it by him as a model. Here is a specimen of it:

"A moment after I saw a woman lying upon the grass, her right arm fearfully crushed between the elbow and shoulder, and her face badly scalded. She must have been suffering intense pain. I asked her what I could do for her. She replied: 'There are others hurt a great deal worse than I am. Go and attend to them. I can bear it.' She was taken to a house near by, and laid upon the floor, with a bundle of bloody clothes for a pillow. She would not let the doctor attend to her injuries until she knew that the others had been seen to. There were several others badly hurt in the same house. After the train had been thoroughly cleared, I got my wife and little girl a place to stay, and got on a Lynn horse-car. I went to Lynn and spread the news, and a train was sent up."

Not that some of the reporters also did not do well. But they still have among them the writer who, the other day, spoke of Mayor Hall's truckling to the mob as "Mayor Hall's truculence"—which latter would have been almost a subject for Nast.

We said last week that it is idle for the politicians to attempt prognostication of the canvass of 1872 from the elections of this year, at least so far as concerns the elections in September and October. Neither party will rest much hope for next year on this year's result in California, or Maine, or Ohio, or Pennsylvania, however they go, unless the majority is very unexpectedly large. So, too, of North Carolina, which some Republicans have persuaded themselves is once more in the Republican line. The recent election affords no refutation whatever of the doctrine that the Republicans, if they are to elect the next President, will elect him in the North, and get very little, if any, help from the South. The full official returns show the heaviest vote that the State has ever cast, being 181,359, while the vote in the last Presidential election was a thousand lighter, and the vote of last year seven or eight thousand lighter. Last year the Democratic majority was 5,000. The question as to whether there should be a convention called to revise the constitution, or, rather, frame a new one, was what called out so heavy a vote, and though this was a Democratic measure, it was the votes of Democrats which defeated it; Democrats who voted for the Democratic candidate in 1870 voting against it certainly to the number of three thousand at least, and probably, though the returns do not make it clear, to the number of thrice three thousand. It was a Democratic measure, for the party was anxious to get certain Republican judges off the bench whose terms are too long to suit its mind, and there are other evidences and fruits of Republican ascendancy which it would like to destroy. But, as our readers know, the question whether the Legislature had any right to order a vote for a convention was a legal question of some nicety, and the President being advised—wrongly, as we believe—that the Legislature had no such right, allowed his Attorney-General in person to make speeches, threatening the people with Federal interference in case the call for a convention was carried. These threats alone would doubtless have been enough to turn the scale against the convention. And besides this there was the fear—potent with thousands—that if the creditor class were allowed to frame a new constitution, they would be much less merciful to debtors in regard to the amount of property exempt from seizure for debt than the present constitution is.

The preparations for the arbitration provided for by the Treaty of Washington are slowly approaching completion. England has appointed Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn (of the Queen's Bench) to repre-

sent her. The United States sends Charles Francis Adams, the happiest and most fitting appointment the Administration has ever made. Switzerland has appointed M. Staempfli, the Ex-President of the Confederation. The Emperor of Brazil and the King of Italy have still to appoint representatives before the Board is complete. Should they neglect or refuse to do so for two months after request made, the King of Sweden will fill the vacant places. This Board, which is to sit at Geneva, decides the question whether, under the rules of international law laid down by the treaty, Great Britain failed, in the *Alabama* matter, to do her duty as a neutral towards the United States during the late war. If it decides that she did not so fail, the *Alabama* claims vanish into history; if it decides that she did so fail, then it decides further whether she shall pay a round sum to the Government at Washington in satisfaction, or shall pay the claims in detail as they are proved. Each side is now busy in drawing up a "case," or, in plain language, its version of the story for submission to the Board, the Lord Chancellor, Professor Mountague Bernard, and Lord Tenterden, for England, and Mr. Bancroft Davis and Mr. C. C. Beaman, jun., for the United States. Mr. Beaman, by the way, has already made an excellent compilation, published some months ago, of all documents bearing on the *Alabama* case. Who are the counsel who will argue on both sides is not yet known, but the occasion is one of the greatest in which counsel ever appeared, and they ought to be the foremost men of their respective bars.

The success of the new loan is no longer doubted, and all intelligent men are thankful for our narrow escape from another wretched failure. To those who know how narrow that escape has been, and on what dangerous ground the Secretary has been and is yet treading, the attempt to represent the affair as a distinguished triumph of his skill and management is simply absurd. As the facts in relation to the matter gradually leak out, it seems to be settled that Mr. Boutwell has largely exceeded his authority in the terms granted to the Syndicate, who are said, according to one version, to make three months' coin interest, or one and a half per cent., and, according to another version, six months' interest, or three per cent. in coin, on the total amount of the conversions, in addition to the commission of one per cent. provided by law. If these appearances deceive, and Mr. Boutwell is unjustly charged, the blame must fall chiefly, though not wholly, upon himself. And we must call the attention of all papers and people who are becoming enthusiastic over the "success" of the Secretary's pet loan to the fact that of the \$1,500,000,000 which he asked for authority to place at 4, $\frac{1}{2}$, and 5 per cent. interest, he has placed, after a year of advertising and hawking, not fifteen hundred millions, but two hundred.

The loan negotiations have had no visible effect upon any of the markets. Governments are scarcely so firm; gold is steady; foreign exchange higher. There has been an artificial scarcity of gold, which has no real significance, being merely a Broad Street trick. Great efforts have been making to advance the stock market; but in the face of diminished railroad earnings, reduced freights, and the growing distrust of all these manufactured securities and their gambling directors and managers, the failure of the attempts surprises no one. Money continues extremely easy, though with occasional slight upward fluctuations. Business generally in all the money markets is dull and limited.

The interruption to the long-continued decline in the prices of the leading staples pointed out a week or two ago, seems to have assumed the character of a permanent improvement. With the exception of some kinds of provisions, still suffering from accumulated stocks and speculative inflation, almost every important article of merchandise has been firm and inclined to advance. Cotton, in spite of crop accounts which seem to us on the whole more favorable, has risen in price, owing to the very large European and domestic consumption, and the declining stocks. Breadstuffs have been decidedly higher, the change being attended with the crop of failing speculators which seems to be the usual consequence of even slight fluctuations nowadays, indicating the diminishing means at the disposal of the average class of

dealers in almost every description of trade. The improvement in breadstuffs has been chiefly due to unfavorable weather in England and on parts of the Continent, together with a dogged determination on the part of farmers not to submit longer to what they call "starvation" prices. Sugar, coffee, and other groceries are all higher and apparently advancing. General business has assumed a more cheerful aspect, and there has been more activity. But the thoughtful merchants point with some alarm to the incessant and growing complaints among the farmers of their want of prosperity, to the continued scarcity of money and difficulty of making collections in the country districts, and the remarkable decline in the earnings of most of the leading railroads. The real-estate market is dull, but held pretty firmly. The number of new buildings remaining unfinished, or unoccupied when finished, is quite large. Foreclosures of mortgages continue uncomfortably frequent. This week alone, four mortgages on improved city property were foreclosed by one insurance company. With the advancing season and with improved markets, the mercantile community do not generally display much buoyancy or sanguine feeling.

Affairs in France have again assumed an unusually serious aspect. The Right in the National Assembly has obviously determined to make a strenuous stand against M. Thiers and his friends of the Left and Centre, and to reclaim for that body not only the control of current affairs, which has been gradually slipping from its hands, but the right to decide on the future constitution of France, which the Chief of the Executive so often asserted it was not wise for it to exercise, and the Radicals positively and vehemently deny. In a word, the "compact of Bordeaux," which was to secure the country, through a cessation of party hostilities, the time required for the re-establishment of order, the consolidation of peace, the reorganization of the army, and the revival of industry, credit, and—let us add—good sense, is to be broken, and the destinies of the nation henceforth to be shaped by the dictates of a majority which has ceased to represent a portion of its constituencies, or—if the attempt to curb M. Thiers fail—by a kind of dictatorship derived only from the necessities and complications of the moment, and, in any case, founded on indirect and contested legal titles. M. Thiers has hitherto chiefly maintained himself by the adroitly used threat of resigning his powers, and thereby surrendering the Assembly and the country to the fury of factions, the arrogant demands of the foreign foe, and bankruptcy; he now repeats this threat more frequently than ever, and its power ought fully to be felt—for the foreign enemy is still at the gates, and the domestic no less menacing—but the Right is becoming more and more accustomed to it, and, whether it believes it not to be entirely serious, or whether it has been goaded by contention and defeats to risk all consequences, it seems resolved to fight.

The bellicose spirit of the Right fully manifested itself in the debates on the bill for the disbandment of the National Guard. This bill was, of course, violently combated by the Radicals, in the Assembly as well as in the press; and the excitement caused by it among the laboring classes in the large cities, against whom it was chiefly aimed, grew to an alarming degree. In the sitting of Thursday, August 24, General Pélissier characterized the measure as inopportune and dangerous; the Extreme Right, however, insisted on immediate and "uncompromising" disbandment—a resolution so evidently adventurous that it may appear to give color to the assumption that the provocation of a new armed conflict is considered by certain leading members of that extreme wing as their only means of recovering the ascendancy the Right neglected to secure on the reduction of Paris. M. Thiers objected to immediate action—that is, to disbandment before adopting the new army organization, which would convert the National Guards into soldiers—as unjust and uselessly offensive to the loyal portions of the civic force. Being violently interrupted, he concluded by declaring that, having lost the confidence of the Assembly, "he knew what course to adopt." He was sustained by the Centre and the more moderate portion of the Right, and an amendment, proposed by General Ducrot, providing for a gradual disbandment of the Guards, was adopted by a

very large majority. Yet the uncompromising, who thus showed themselves ready to face both the resignation of M. Thiers and a new insurrection, mustered upward of one hundred and fifty on the division. The sitting was exceedingly stormy, and marked by indecent violence.

The main battle, however, is to be fought on M. Rivet's motion for the prolongation and extension of the powers of the Chief of the Executive. The report of the special committee on the subject—presented, not by M. St.-Marc-Girardin, as formerly expected, but by M. Rivet himself—is, if the Cable rightly informs us, far from representing the views of the mover. It concludes with submitting a decree declaring the Assembly "entitled to constituent powers, which have not been exercised hitherto solely from the force of circumstances"—a double assertion of disputed and disputable correctness—and providing "that M. Thiers take the title of President"—of the Republic, not of the Council, as held hitherto—"continue to exercise executive powers under the authority of the Assembly"—and as long as the latter likes, not for three years, as proposed—and be himself, no less than his ministers, "responsible to the Assembly." This decree, if passed, would, as far as such things can be decreed, render the Assembly omnipotent, and M. Thiers its humble tool; and yet we hear only of a timid amendment on the part of the Government, presented by the Minister of Justice, Dufaure—an amendment expressive of confidence in the future President; and even this proposed insertion is reported to have been considered and rejected by the committee. The Radical members of the Assembly are furious at the new attitude it threatens to assume, and General Faidherbe, the special friend of M. Gambetta, is reported to have resigned his seat as deputy on that ground, without waiting for the consummation of the usurping encroachments he revolts against. And his example, we are told, is to be followed—not quite as hastily, we suspect—by all his Radical associates, whose watchword is the dissolution of the Assembly, and the convocation of a real *Constituante*. Such a resignation *en masse* might, under the circumstances, easily be equivalent to an "appeal to the street." It cannot be surprising, therefore, to see Assi, Ferré, and other Commune leaders, now on trial before the courts-martial of Versailles, hurl defiance at their prosecutors—who, by the bye, have proved themselves masters in producing impressions favorable to their enemies. Still less can the hesitation of the Germans in evacuating the forts of Paris be surprising. Pouyer-Quertier, however, does his best to pay them off.

The anti-infallibility movement among the Catholics of Germany and Austria continues unabated, meeting with encouragement on the part of more than one government. In Bavaria, an almost entire reorganization of the cabinet has taken place, which leaves the former premier, Bray, a friend of the Ultramontanes, out, and their opponent, the Minister of Instruction, Lutz, in. The often-repeated reports of Chancellor Beust's position in Austria becoming shaken and untenable are now contradicted more firmly than ever—though the Cisleithan cabinet, under Hohenwart, seems actually to have completed its arrangements with the Czechs, "Young" and "Old"—that is, radical and feudal—preparatory to a modification in their favor, by constitutional measures, of the constitution of the western division of Austro-Hungary, while the Chancellor is busy bringing about an *entente cordiale* with the German Empire, the terror and abomination of the Czechs and their Slavic brethren. That the basis of such an *entente* between the empires of William and Francis Joseph has lately been laid at Wels, or Ischl, or elsewhere, and is soon to be cemented by a meeting of the two emperors at Salzburg, is now confidently asserted by authoritative organs in the dominions of both; and Italy is stated to be "the third one in the union." This triple alliance, if really brought about, would be more than a match for a possible Franco-Russian alliance; it would dictate on the Lower Danube, secure the predominance of the Germans and Magyars on the upper banks of that river, seal the doom of the Pope's temporal power, and frustrate alike all attempts at Panslavism and Panlatinism. But it is too early to indulge in speculations on a fact which, after all, may exist only in the brains of correspondents and editors erroneously supposing themselves to be "well-informed."

BUTLER'S "FIRST GUN."

WE do not like Benjamin Franklin Butler, as every reader of this paper knows, but we confess that we have read his speech at Springfield on Friday last with a good deal of enjoyment. He said hardly anything that we could wish unsaid, or which did not in some way, to our humble apprehension, further the design of Providence in creating him and letting him live. We were for a long time puzzled as to what that design might be, but it has of late become, we think, tolerably clear. The use of him we take to be the thorough and perspicuous exposure of the falsity and mischief of the doctrine which has been for some years growing in this country, and is now held by large numbers of people, some of whom are honest and some of whom only try to believe themselves to be honest, that not only, as Plato taught, are there certain abstractions called The Good and The True, but that these abstractions may safely and properly be pursued and worshipped, in state affairs at least, altogether apart from human character and conduct. That is, while believing that honesty is a good thing, they decline to treat any man as a knave; and, while acknowledging the value of truth, they decline to treat any man as a liar. The result is, that while in no age were these virtues so much talked about or admired, in no age did knaves and liars not only suffer so little inconvenience, but enjoy so much confidence and consideration. They have abounded in all times, but it is only in our time that places of trust, profit, and dignity are absolutely thrust upon them, and this not by their fellows, but by saints both of the Christian and Humanitarian churches, who go to the polls with upturned eyes and crossed hands, and have difficulty in keeping their marrow from freezing at the sight of the support given by the poor Irish to Hall and Connolly and Tweed. Butler is reported to have said last winter to that valuable public woman, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, that she must not mind the unkind things said of her by the newspapers; that "he himself had never enjoyed real happiness till he lost his character." Now, whether it be true or not that Butler said this, we have no doubt that if he had said it he would have told the truth. As long as society believed him to be honest, he doubtless made some effort to keep up an appearance of honesty, and found it very irksome. As soon as his real character crept out, and society ceased to expect anything from him but ingenuous and impudent rascality, he not only regained his liberty, but he found that, to a man of his aims and views of life, a good character is really of no use, or, in other words, that he got all he wanted in this life just as readily without it as with it. Men of the Butler and Fisk type, as we have more than once pointed out, do not care for the good opinion of their neighbors, as an end; if they value it at all, it is as a means. If they find that they get what they desire without it, they would far rather forego it, for it imposes restraints and responsibilities. What such men seek in life is money and power, office and physical pleasure; and if they can only get these things through a good character, they will play the hypocrite; but if they can get them without a good character, they will joyously strip it off. It is this peculiarity of theirs which makes newspaper denunciations of them so ludicrous and useless when not followed by other penalties. If you took from Fish his railroad, his boats, his women, and his champagne, he would probably repent heartily; if you took from Butler all his ill-gotten gains, and his seat in Congress, and his other civic honors, he would, perhaps, doubt the wisdom of being a rascal. As it is, no doubt of it ever crosses his mind.

We believe there is no man who knows Butler who thinks him to be honest, who would believe him on his word, or his oath, or trust him in a transaction in which good faith was a necessary ingredient. There has been no such man for many a year. To many persons, the prevalence of such an opinion about them would be a source of discomfort. Butler is simply amused by it; first, because he doubts in his heart of hearts whether anybody is honest; and, secondly, because all he has ever asked of decent people they have given him, his reputation to the contrary notwithstanding.

Of late—within the last year—the leading Republican papers have begun to denounce him. During the three years previous, that is, during the three years that had elapsed after he had emerged from the discreditable seclusion which followed his removal from his command,

and appeared in the political arena, they spoke of him almost invariably with great respect; although the editors would, to a man, assure you privately that he was a great scoundrel, and although nearly all those who had to do with him in the army reported him to be a cruel and insolent pretender, trying to play a soldier's part in the field with the nature, arts, and talents of a police detective. The reason of this adulation, we were constantly told, was gratitude to him for the services rendered in the war—those services consisting in the march of a brigade through one disaffected city, and the stern, severe, and thoroughly corrupt government of another one, and having been rendered in a war which had been glorified by a thousand displays of high military genius, sanctified by the death of tens of thousands of honest men, and waged for the express purpose of preventing selfish and unprincipled rascals from ruling the earth. To do the newspapers justice, it must be said that they were not alone in this mode of dealing with him. The leading men of the Republican party, especially of that portion of the party which prides itself on applying morals to politics, were just as earnest in their worship of the unclean idol as the press. They did not, and, indeed, could not, deny the badness of Butler's character; but, when he presented himself for a seat in Congress, supported him on the ground that he would probably prove "useful." When he had given a fair specimen of the kind of service he was likely to render, and when, after his attack on the national credit in 1867, an attempt was made to oust him, the saints of the party almost unanimously refused to countenance it. To be sure, it was the benighted shoemakers and fishermen of the Essex District who elected him, but the party "moralists" and philanthropists stood by silent or applauding.

His career in Congress has been what everybody who believes there is any connection between morals and politics might have expected. In parliamentary tactics he has been tricky, deceitful, and violent. His attempts at legislation have carried people's minds back to the dark ages, or over to the kingdom of Dahomey; for Butler, to his other defects, adds one which men of his moral stamp do not always display—namely, gross ignorance. He has contributed a great deal of virulence to the debates, and his relations with his brother members are of a kind, in many instances, unparalleled in their meanness and degradation; and, finally, he devoted a portion of his leisure at the close of the last session to trying to plunge the country into a bloody war—a slight tribute, we suppose, to the Boston peace men who supported him. All this was, as we have said, what was *a priori* to be expected of a man of his antecedents, and it has had the effect of opening people's eyes and loosening their tongues. The newspapers at last begin to speak out their minds about him freely, and "moral" and religious people begin, though slowly and unwillingly, to acknowledge that persons like Butler cannot be converted into instruments of righteousness. In short, there are signs that what ought to have been done three years ago—the reprobation of him by all that is best in the Republican party—is now about to come to pass. It is curious to witness, however, the way in which the stupid audacity of the criminal and the dexterity of the Tombs lawyer are mingled in the speech at Springfield. His labored recital of the mark of confidence bestowed on him by "the great party," the chairmanship of the Committee on Reconstruction, the "management" of the Impeachment trial, and so on, were excellent answers to the denunciations of some of the party organs. As Mr. George Ticknor Curtis says of Judge Barnard, if the man is a knave, how came his fellow-citizens to put him in these posts? On the other hand, the deliberate invention of a malignant falsehood about General Hawley, with the view of getting it circulated before the victim could overtake it, and with the well-grounded hope that many people would believe that there must be some ground for it, or else the worthy "Manager," "the Apostle John of Salvation by Impeachment," would not thus publicly produce it, was in all respects the device of the lowest class of criminal lawyers. General Hawley's indignation over the equanimity with which the inventor bore being informed that he was a "liar and a blackguard" would be amusing if the Reverend Doctor Marvin—we believe it was he—a "minister of the Gospel" and a temperance apostle, had not risen up in Boston, the other day, to advocate the election of "the liar and blackguard" to the governorship of Massachusetts, because he would

make Boston "too hot for the rum-sellers." We are happy to be able to inform the Reverend Doctor that there is no evil in this world which it is in the power of scoundrels to extirpate without doing counterbalancing mischief. Providence sometimes *seems* to use base instruments to accomplish great ends, but seems only. He always lets the scoundrels sow the seeds of other and far greater evils than those they appear to remove. This arrangement may seem injudicious to some temperance men, but they cannot modify it.

THE NEW PAPACY.

THE attributes of which Papacy has just been deprived were called its *temporalia* in the Middle Ages—a low Latin term, which, in classical Latinity, would have meant "perishable," but which was intended to imply the reverse, and to mean something altogether different, of which neither perishableness nor imperishableness need be predicated. When Philip le Bel wrote to Boniface VIII.: *Sciat tua maxima Fatuitas, nos in temporalibus nemini sibesse*, he did not mean to say (what would have been no untruth) that French royalty was a fleeting daughter of time, but he referred to the dry question of clerical taxation. Since then, however, fate has interpreted the term more literally, as though its inventors had been logical against their wish and will, and the old word-oracle has, as far as it went, fulfilled itself.

How far then did it go? and what was the real extent, what were the real limitations, of the power called the "temporal" power of the Pope? The hand which broke the chains of the murderer Pariselli in 1852, and which immured political sinners in the dungeons of Perugia until 1860, is, if not withered, disarmed. It may still bless and baptize Jewish children, but it can no longer kidnap them. By thus enumerating the things which the Pope could do until 1870, and which he cannot do now, we might easily arrive at a proper definition of the so-called temporal power. But we should also discover that the two powers wielded by the Pope, having grown up together, have ended by growing together in such a manner that it is impossible to foretell whether the death of either twin will not endanger the health and life of the other. This is, in fact, what Catholics dread, and this is what Protestants would like to hope, if their own notions on the subject did not prevent them. They think, and are fond of thinking, that the spiritual power of any church is to its temporal power as the soul is to the body; and, as the soul not only survives the body, but commences a higher and purer existence when freed from worldly cravings and physical sufferings, so even the Roman Catholic Church will reappear in its true celestial garb, when freed from the only obstacle to its transfiguration—its temporalities. This is a kind and disinterested view of the matter, which honors those who take it, and which looks as if it ought to be the right view, but which (we need not say unfortunately) is utterly and thoroughly false.

The Roman Catholics were perfectly right in clinging to their temporal power with such desperate tenacity, and in saying "avaunt" to the Son of Man who tempted them with "other-world" kingdoms. We cannot but admire the sagacity of their instincts, which prompted them to act as if they knew how indissolubly the "spirit" of their church was wedded to its temporalities—to that part, at least, of its temporalities which we may call its *economic* interests, and which ought to be distinguished from its *political* interests. These two are separable things: they are to each other as movable property is to real estate. And as a man may lose his house and his field, or (according to the socialists) even his right to any kind of landed property, without ceasing to be a rich man; so the Roman Church may lose (as it has lost) its political power without ceasing to be a financial power. Of course, movable property is less tangible than brick and mortar. There is something abstract in notes, and cheques, and paper-money; nay, even gold is nothing but a promissory symbol of earthly goods. But who would call these things spiritual for that? Tetzel, the indulgence hawker of the sixteenth century, had nothing to do with what we are wont to call the temporal power, the whole transaction (which was one of the most profitable on record in financial history) being of a strictly ecclesiastical nature, and carried on upon the extra-political and ever-neutral ground of the confessional. Yet who would have the hardi-

hood to qualify the power which Tetzel served, and in whose name he acted, as a spiritual power?

The truth is, the old antithesis of spiritual and temporal is neither grammatically nor empirically correct, and, though good enough for the Middle Ages, ought not to have remained so long unchallenged by modern criticism. Spirit and time have no relation whatever to each other. They are neither equals, nor opposites, nor correlatives. The power of the Roman Church is—in *quality* if not in degree—as temporal and as earthly now as it was before the 20th September, 1870. To talk of it as if the occupation and annexation of Rome by the Italians had sublimated it into a state of seraphic spiritualism is sheer nonsense. Those who rejoice over the change as implying the regeneration of the Roman Church, commit an error of judgment; while those who lament the change err both intellectually and morally, since the thing lamented has not taken place, and ought not to be lamented if it had taken place. To avoid all further confusion and looseness of expression, we should substitute the terms *ecclesiastical* and *political* for "spiritual" and "temporal," which would bring us to the perfectly intelligible antithesis of church and state. Both church and state are temporal institutions, and both may one day become spiritual institutions. Each has its doctrinal, each its economic aspect. Even the most advanced Protestant congregations are so far removed from the old Ebionitic spirit of Christianity, that the idea of an "invisible church" could hardly be grasped by them. And if this is true of Protestant churches, what shall we say of that church which the Italians have called the *santa bottega*, or "holy shop"? Even if it were deprived of all its stock, and all its cash, we are at a loss to see how it could ever be "reduced" to a spiritual power, its very doctrines being materialistic and mercenary.

We may say, therefore, that the Papacy has ceased to exist as a political power without having yet lost its temporal power, and that it continues to exist as an ecclesiastical power without having any chance of staying or hiding the decline of its spiritual power. Its wealth is undiminished, and, surely, the acceptance of offerings is less troublesome and less costly than the gathering of taxes and the levying of duties. Its ecclesiastical authority is likewise unimpaired, and it is pleasanter to be coaxed and pampered by repentant enemies and pitying friends than to enforce respect by spies, policemen, inquisitors, and jailers.

If people would take the trouble of making these distinctions and bearing them constantly in mind, they would be better judges of the importance or irrelevancy of certain events which seem to have received an undue share of public attention of late. They would, above all, be able to see that (whatever may have to be done intellectually by the spread of education) as long as there are concordats the Papacy of 1871 must be treated as a political power, and combated (if it is to be combated at all) with political weapons, such as the abolition of concordats and the dechristianizing of the Roman Church through the establishment of national churches. If the religious agitation in Southern Germany could ever lead to such a result, it would require no further justification. But Germany being more Protestant than Catholic, such a would-be-national German Church would be only a provincial sect after all, at most a Bavarian state church, but could never become to Germany what the Gallican Church is to France or the Anglican Church is to England. And this being so, we cannot see the utility and opportuneness, much less the importance, of Canon Döllinger's cheap triumphs over the doctrine of Papal infallibility. The Italians look upon this new doctrine as upon "a farce" which could not be seriously discussed or confuted, and from this point of view the whole "religious movement of Bavaria" looks like a pitiable waste of German earnestness. The intense interest taken in it by the public is not unlike the interest which the same public has taken in the Tichborne trial, one of the most transparent and least interesting cases on record. A thing may be called interesting when it taxes our intellect. If it merely tickles our torpid imagination or fills the vacuum of our ennui, it may be called amusing or sensational, but cannot be more to us. A man whose greatest or whose only known merit consists in not believing in the bloody miracle of San Gennaro, or the genuineness of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or in the Immaculate Con-

ception of 1859, or in the many winking, weeping, and frowning Madonnas of Roman sanctuaries—such a man would still have to show cause why he should not be considered as a very ordinary person. Why should he become the hero of the day? And what difference is there between the credibleness and rationalness of any of these wonders and the credibleness and rationalness of Papal infallibility? What little difference there may be is all in favor of the latter.

Canon Döllinger professes strict allegiance to the Roman Church, so that we have no right whatever to suppose that he does not believe in winking Madonnas. We must be small, indeed, if such a man be great among us. And we should be wanting in self-respect if we were ready to admit that a man who has nothing greater to boast of than his disbelief in Papal infallibility could be a leader of men in this our nineteenth century. He is a straggler rather than a leader on our march—and a straggler being worth more than a deserter, he ought to be encouraged by all—but to call him “the Luther of the nineteenth century” is preposterous. The nineteenth century, having outgrown the first Luther, cannot possibly want a second; and if it did, Canon Döllinger would not be the man required. Luther was a born leader of men, having a bold, defiant, heroic spirit, who dared to burn a Papal bull amidst a bigoted crowd, to nail a long string of heretic theses to the church door, to throw off his monk’s frock, and to break openly and thoroughly with a past with which he knew there could be no compromise. It would be cruel to Canon Döllinger to carry the comparison any further. Whatever may be his merits (and they need not be denied), he certainly is not the man to *break with any past*; and this, no doubt, the Oxford professors implied when they sent him their diploma complimenting him on the services he was rendering to the cause of “historic truth.” What is “historic truth”? If we understand the Oxonian phrase rightly, Galileo could not have become doctor of civil laws in Oxford, the “historic truth” being all on the side of those who applied the screw to his thumbs. Partiality for historic continuity is a laudable and useful sentiment, which, when applied to law and politics, may lead to national greatness, but which can work no good whatever in the intellectual world, where old husks *must* be broken and thrown away when the seed swells within, and where it would be as useless as the wheat found in the mummies was useless to the deceased Egyptians.

The Italians nod assent to Döllinger, though rarely without giving him to understand that he should either not have stirred at all, or gone a little further. They talk like people who trust that the world will in due time outgrow all follies and errors, who think that there are things too elementary to be discussed or attacked; altogether, they appear more worthy of the Oxonian honors than the Bavarian professor, their attitude towards the Pope being far more “historic” than that of the latter. Having never taken much notice of the Pope’s spiritual power, and having, by a happy *coup de main*, destroyed his political existence, they treat the surviving ecclesiastical power with great gentleness and consideration, stroking it rather than striking it, not because they hope ever to tame or to reconcile the priest, but because it is Italian nature not to strike. The Pope has had a real surfeit of “guarantees” from the Italian Government, including the abolition of the royal *exequatur* and *placet*, which hitherto served, as they still serve in other countries, to prevent the promulgation of mutinous pastorals and encyclicals, and the nomination of disloyal bishops. When we consider that apostolic letters may be published in Florence which could not even be read from the pulpit in Paris without the permission of the Government, and that the Pope may send any arch-Jesuit as archbishop to Florence, but can give only his approval and his investiture to such French bishops as M. Thiers may choose to appoint, the tender anxiety evinced by M. Thiers’s countrymen for Papal spiritual independence would be ludicrous if it were not provoking. If the Italians could only be provoked, the parts might easily be inverted: Italy might become the Pope’s protector, and France, when using her Gallican rights, might be told once or twice a week “*que cela trouble les consciences*.” Perhaps Italy would not use such a canting phrase; but her protection of the ecclesiastic Papacy would be more sincere and more impartial than French protection ever was. In French eyes, Papal independence means ex-

clusive dependence upon France, just as, according to M. Thiers, European equilibrium means the preponderance of France.

Italian politicians have ceased to make political capital of the Roman question. If the priests and clericals of other countries try to do so now, they have but little chance of success. At all events, their success will chiefly depend on the stupidity of their adversaries. We will not say that the belief in “liberal Catholicism” and in “historic truth” is an absolute sign of stupidity, but it can certainly be considered as a sign of that selfish laziness of the intellect which would like to eat the pudding and to have it. Germany has tried her hand at this kind of “national Catholicism.” But Ronge’s and Czerski’s “German-Catholic” Church melted away in a couple of years without leaving the slightest trace of its existence behind it. Why should the Germans try again? Should they really wish to reform the Roman Church, they must begin by leaving it in the old blunt Lutheran way. And should some Bavarians and Austrians wish to found a new church for themselves, let us hope that they will be honest and accurate enough not to call it either German or Catholic.

Notes.

“A HANDB-BOOK of Colorado,” containing a directory of places and routes, statistics of population, and facts about climate, colonization, mining, farming, stock-raising; together with a business index, railroad and stage guide, etc., etc., will be published immediately in Denver, by Mr. J. A. Blake. The advance sheets promise a work creditable at least to the printers of that distant territory; and we presume it will be intelligently compiled.—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. will publish the “Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, comprising portions of his Diary from 1795 to 1848,” edited by Hon. Charles Francis Adams. The work will fill five or six octavo volumes, uniform in size and style with the papers of John Adams already published, and is designed to “serve as a substitute for a biography at one time contemplated.” “The Diary begins with Mr. Adams’s appointment by President Washington as Minister to the States of Holland, in 1795, and includes sixteen years of his diplomatic service in that country, in Prussia, Russia, and Great Britain, and in the negotiation of the Treaty of Ghent. It likewise embraces the whole of his later labors in posts of the highest responsibility at home, down to the termination of his career in the hall of Congress, on the 22d of February, 1848.” Subscribers to the “Memoirs” will obtain it at five dollars a volume; all others, at six.

—Mr. Charles Scribner, of this city, publisher and bookseller, died at Lucerne, Switzerland, on Saturday last, the 26th of August, in his fifty-first year. He was educated at Princeton College, and, after his graduation, studied the law, and became a member of the bar of this State. He was, however, not a strong man physically, and was obliged to relinquish his chosen profession on account of the confinement which it compels. Abandoning it, therefore, in 1846, Mr. Scribner entered into partnership with another gentleman, the firm being thenceforth known as Baker & Scribner, and established himself in the business of bookselling and publishing. In 1857, Mr. Scribner’s first partner being now seven years dead, he formed a new partnership with Mr. Charles Welford, and the new firm, successful like the old, by-and-by purchased the importing business of Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co. Of the two kinds of knowledge about books—knowledge of the outside and of the inside, bibliography and literature—Mr. Welford probably had more at once than anybody else in America, and his ability, joined to that of Mr. Scribner, who had, in a high degree, that sixth sense for a publisher, the sense of what would be palatable and profitable to his public—in this case to a large portion of the better half of the reading public—procured for the house which they founded a very extensive clientele both among readers of American books and buyers of English. It is proof of Mr. Scribner’s sagacity as a publisher of books to please very many purchasers, that his imprint is on the works of Doctor Holland and “Ik Marvel;” that a favorite designer of his was Mr. Hennessy; and that his monthly magazine, but lately established, already surpasses in circulation almost every one of its older competitors for favor, and may probably be set down as second in this respect to *Harper’s Monthly* alone. Very marked, too, was the success of Mr. Scribner and his associates as a publisher of text-books for schools—Guyot’s excellent works on geography, and many other similar publications, owing much of

their wide sale to his zealous energy. Concerning the house of Scribner, Welford & Co—which has been the style of the importing house, so to call it, as distinguished from the American publishing house of Charles Scribner & Co.—it is enough to say that it was doubtless the largest and (the house of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, not being forgotten) the best, all things considered, which this country has to show. Mr. Scribner was a man much beloved by an unusually large number of friends, and well liked and respected by all his many acquaintances, and it may be doubted if he had an enemy in the world. He was sympathetic, kind-hearted, and good-natured, and his natural disposition he cultivated rather than repressed in the busy course of his daily life. The younger men of his own profession could go to him for advice, and always found in him, not a wary competitor, but a frank and friendly counsellor; and in every relation of life he was a good man. The immediate cause of his death was an attack of typhoid fever. He had been ill, however, for some years, and was in Switzerland seeking health. He thought he had found it, and "his last letters show that his mind was turning with all its old activity to business." He died so much too soon that perhaps it is not improper to let his loss remind us that it is too late to take rest after sickness has come; that well men must give themselves rest.

—A visit from a distinguished Frenchman for the exploration of our society and institutions is not so frequent an occurrence as to make it superfluous to note the recent arrival in America of Athanase Coquerel, the younger. The father, who died a few years ago, long maintained one of the brightest and purest reputations in France, and was well known to such of our countrymen as go to church even in Paris, and indeed to many not of that class, for he was in his later years as eminent as a patriot as he always was as a preacher. The son is thought by good judges very much to surpass the father in pulpit oratory, and in genius every way. His studies have been carried into literature, history, and art, on any of which topics, as upon religion, he may be expected to be a most effective speaker; and we can hardly imagine a greater pleasure for the eloquence-loving American than to hear him. It is, as we learn, a part of M. Coquerel's plan to make public addresses, which, fortunately for most of us, he is able to do in English. For this purpose, however, as well as for his other objects, he should prolong his stay in this country beyond the time which is understood to be its limit, November. From June to October, the American gives himself a rest from the higher emotions. Philanthropists and even politicians know that not much can be done with him till the frost has set in. With the coming of cold he becomes serious, and there is perhaps nowhere so intent a listener to a man that has something to say. It is not inappropriate to mention that in politics M. Coquerel is a Republican of the type of his and our friend Laboulaye.

—The photographer on the battle-field has ceased to be a novelty, but that does not prevent the artist who accompanied the Corean expedition from being admirable of his kind. He has sent to the State Department, along with the official despatches in regard to the late engagements, a bound volume of large-sized views which are not only remarkable for their execution but for the manner in which they have, as it were, taken history on the wing. Some of them, the majority in fact, were not beyond the range of ordinary photography—views of the fleet at anchor; of Corean junks, sailors, and officials; of interviews on the fleet; of the Corean camp and magazine; and of the Corean prisoners. The views of the forts, however, are peculiarly the achievement of that branch of the service which may come to be recognized as Flying Photography. Those of the interior of Fort McKee after the capture "show the dead Coreans where they fell, the camera in some instances depicting the very smoke of the ruin, which had not dissipated when the enterprising photographer followed on the heels of the enemy." One feels like suggesting that a few copies of these prints transmitted to the Corean authorities would have served a more useful purpose than Minister Low's formal and regular, but necessarily futile, communications in writing.

—The theatre-goer is to have a very good chance of amusement in New York this winter. Whether The Great American Play is to precede, in the regular historical order, The Great American Novel, is yet to be seen; but we notice that at the Fifth Avenue there is to appear a comedy, by Mr. Daly, called "Divorce," which certainly is a title not unattractive nor distinctively up-American. With the companies at Wallack's Theatre and the Fifth Avenue, besides Mr. Fechter, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Sothern, Miss Cushman, Miss Janauschek, Wachtel, the Vienna troupe, and the Parepa-Rosa troupe, we shall certainly see some good acting. As for the plays, we have plenty of good plays in English, besides the French ones that are always on hand; but we are confident that

the literary young man who shall come up to town with a good play in his carpet-bag, instead of a manuscript volume of desperate poems, need not go back with an empty pocket. It is not only a crying disgrace to have Jefferson's exquisite acting shown in that crudest of all plays, "Rip Van Winkle"; but it is a disgrace that Mr. Jefferson keenly feels, and would pay a good deal of money to any play-writer to avert. At Booth's Theatre we can see how easily the public taste, which in the case of "Rip Van Winkle" is corrupted by carelessness of dramatization, may be vivified by gorgeous upholstery and ingenious machinery. To dazzle the eyes of the audience by real silks and satins, at so much a yard; indeed, to leave the audience capable of noticing that the actor is dressed with historical accuracy down to his shoe-lacings, while they forget to notice whether he bears the slightest resemblance in voice or manner to any human being, is much easier than it is for an actor to act in such a way that we forget to notice the color of his stockings. To a certain extent this is natural and right enough; but we shall always try to forget seeing the opera of "Fidelio" given at Boston, when, in the prison-scene, a shovelful of earth was dug out from the grave and rattled down upon the stage, amid the whispers of the audience, "It's real dirt"—which is something like what it indeed was. This at Boston; and in opera; and the opera "Fidelio." In getting a good play, the German plan of offering a prize would probably succeed no better here than it does there; still less, we may safely say, could we, like the ancient Greeks, let our magistrates decide upon the merits of the pieces to be acted during the winter. Give our Department of Public Works control of our theatrical amusements, and all next winter we shall be listening to a farce entitled "A Coroner's Inquisition," written by a certain A. O. Hall; rather than which, let us wait for the young man with the carpet-bag. Criticism may in time do something if it will concern itself less with the plays and more with the acting. The *Fortnightly Review* recently gave some translations by the Hon. Robert Lytton—which, by the bye, as Mr. Lytton's acquaintances might have apprehended, had already appeared in English, having been contributed by Mr. Tom Taylor to the first volume of the *Victoria Magazine*—from the letters of one Lichtenberg, now forgotten, in which that gentleman gives an account of Garrick's acting in a way that may well serve as a model for the dramatic critic. Not only for this are the extracts interesting, but also as giving us a definite idea of this great actor. He says:

"What gives to this man his astonishing ascendancy over our imagination, and his unrivalled command of our sympathies? Many things, no doubt. But much of it is probably due to his felicitous physical formation. There is in his physiognomy, his figure, and his gait, a peculiar distinction and charm which I have just now and then noticed in a few Frenchmen, but have never noticed in another Englishman. . . . For instance, when he turns to salute any one, it is not only his head and shoulders, or arms and legs, that come into play, but all these, all together, and every other part of the man, that simultaneously and harmoniously contribute, each its special grace, to the most refined expression of a supreme courtesy, such as could not be surpassed by the greatest grand seigneur of the court of Louis XIV. There is no man in England who can make Garrick's bow. . . . Nothing in him is slipshod, slovenly, or slouching. No actor ever needed less elbow room for effective gesture. . . . Amongst other actors he moves like a man among marionettes. His way of walking across the stage, of shrugging his shoulders, of crossing his arms, of cocking his hat, of putting it on and taking it off—in short, whatever he does is so easily and securely done that the man appears to be all right hand."

—In his account of Garrick's Hamlet, Lichtenberg says:

"Hamlet appears in a suit of mourning, the only one which is to be seen at court within a few months after the death of the late king. With him are Horatio and Marcellus; the two latter in uniform. Hamlet is walking up and down the stage, with his arms folded high over his chest, and his hat pulled down low over his eyes, like a man who is struggling with strong inward emotion. . . . Hamlet is now in the far background of the stage, a little to the left. He has his back to the audience. At this moment Horatio starts, and points to the right, when the ghost suddenly becomes visible to us all. 'Look, my lord, it comes!' Horatio cries. Garrick, at these words, rapidly turns round, and, instantly confronted by the ghost, he staggers backward three or four paces. His knees knock together, his legs seem giving way beneath him. His hat falls to the ground. His two arms are stretched out before him horizontally—the right arm quite straight, and the right hand on a level with his head; the left arm slightly curved, and the hand lower. The fingers of both hands are spread wide. The mouth gapes open. In this entreaty, deprecating attitude he remains for a while perfectly motionless; like a man suddenly petrified by the terror from which he is endeavoring to escape. His two friends, who are already familiarized with the apparition, support his sinking frame. His countenance expresses such intense horror that, long before he uttered a word, I was seized with a cold shuddering. . . . Then, at length, he speaks; not with the beginning, but at the end of a long respiration; and, in half-suffocated, tremulous accents, he exclaims faintly, 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!'"

—So admirable and useful, and so difficult of access, is this description of really good acting that we make no apology to our readers for quoting more of it. Those of them who are to see "Hamlet" next winter will thank us:

"The ghost beckons Hamlet to follow him. Could you but have seen Garrick in the movement, when he endeavors to rid himself of the two friends who are holding him back! It is only mechanically and unconsciously that he goes on speaking and struggling with Horatio and Marcellus. All this while his eyes are intensely fixed upon the ghost, and his whole being is in the look of those eyes. At last, however, he loses patience with this friendly hindrance, which, till then, he has scarcely realized. He turns upon his two friends, shakes them off with impetuosity, and draws his sword upon them with a movement as flashingly rapid as his sudden perception of the impediment which they are placing in the way of his uncontrollable impulse. . . . They loose their hold upon the prince, who, with drawn sword pointed in the direction of the ghost, then mutters, 'Go on, I'll follow thee.' The ghost now recedes and slowly disappears. Hamlet, however, remains as it were transfixed upon the spot where he has last addressed the receding phantom; his sword still stretched before him, as though to put a certain distance between himself and the spectre in whose track he feels irresistibly urged forward. Then, just as the spectator loses sight of the ghost altogether, the immovable figure of the prince begins to follow it; slowly, hesitatingly, like a man who is jerked onward from within, and is feeling his way onward over dangerous ground. From time to time he halts; then again advances, creepingly, with laborious breath; his gaze still fixed upon the spot where the ghost was last seen; his hair dishevelled, until, at last, him also we slowly lose sight of behind the scenes."

With one more extract we close:

"In that admirable monologue, 'O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,' etc., he works out, if I may use a mathematical term, a whole series of small equations, which serve to bring the action of average human nature up to the highest degree of individualized intensity. Tears of righteous affliction for the loss of so beloved a father (whose unweeping widow is a wife again before her weeds are a year old); tears the most difficult of all to suppress, because, in such a struggle between conflicting duties, they are the only solace of an honest heart; tears restrained, yet ever starting from the bitter sources of a boundless resentment, overwhelm the utterance of Garrick when he exclaims, 'So excellent a king!' The last word of the sentence is submerged in a choking sob, inaudible, and yet visible in the inarticulate quiver of the lips, which immediately afterwards close convulsively, as though to break off two literal a translation of the secret grief, which thus vented might degenerate into unmanliness. 'So excellent a k . . .' This revelation of unwept tears discovers to us simultaneously the heavy weight of a deep inward woe and the strength of the soul which is enduring it. At the close of the monologue, a just impatience minglest its tones with those of Hamlet's lamentation; but just as his uplifted arm falls like the stroke of a hatchet, to accentuate the climax of his scorn and indignation, the expected word which should accompany the action is, to the astonishment of the audience, not forthcoming. It fails altogether for an instant, re-emerging the instant after from the deepest depths of a profound emotion, all heavy and weak with the inward tears in which it has been plunged."

—"American and English periodicals," says *O Novo Mundo*, a Portuguese paper published in this city, whose continued existence is a hopeful sign of the times, "are full of notices of books and publications in all European languages except the Portuguese. Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, Modern Greek, and Russian works are noticed on a par with the English, German, and French; but not the Portuguese. Why is this? Can it be because the mind is less active in Portugal and Brazil than in Spain or in Modern Greece?" The editor thinks not. The reason why the foreign press is ignorant of the Portuguese literature is the sympathy of Portuguese editors and authors. The latter, from the disbelief in the power of the press, attach no weight to its criticisms, and the former fail to assert for them the weight which they deserve to have. In Brazil, according to *O Novo Mundo*, it may be said, speaking generally, that there is no bibliographical criticism; what answers for it is discussion of the author rather than of his book, and not only is he thus cheated of a salutary corrective, but the public is prevented from forming a sound judgment of his work, and foreign periodicals have no source from which to ascertain its true features. The result is that, on the one hand, less attention is paid by these periodicals to Portuguese publications; and, on the other, a Portuguese book, when noticed at all, is more carefully studied and criticised in England, France, or Germany than in Portugal or Brazil. Admitting the justice of this reasoning, it cannot be denied, we think, that the geographical isolation of these two countries has much to do with their literary obscurity. Portugal, at least, is much more out of the current of European progress than Hungary or Modern Greece, while (and partly because) it is encompassed and shut off by a country which counts for almost nothing in European affairs. Of all the Latin nations, Portugal offers the least historical, political, or commercial inducement for acquiring its language, according to the common proficiency in which is naturally

proportioned the amount of notice a foreign periodical can venture to give to its literature. With Brazil there is reason to hope that our relations will steadily become closer, and its language therefore more familiar; while the abolition of slavery, which seems at last begun in earnest, will be an important step towards independent opinion not only in politics, but in every field of thought and discussion.

—The last important discovery of prehistoric remains in Germany was made in the fall of 1866, when the "Schussenried Station," belonging to the first glacial epoch, was found. Last winter, a few archeologists became aware of the great importance of the Hohefels cave in the Aachthal, Würtemberg, long known to those who lived in the vicinity for its copious yield of bear-bones. This extensive and high-vaulted cavern lies at the base of a deep rock, towering some 125 feet above the Aach River, near Schelklingen, and was, probably at the commencement of the glacial epochs, the dwelling-place of a hunting tribe. Of the bones contained in it, by far the largest number belong to the cave-bear, the Alpine bear, and the reindeer; less numerous are the remains of the dwarf-ox and the urus, of a thick-headed horse, of the two-horned rhinoceros and its usual companion, the mammoth, of swine, foxes, polar foxes, otters, wolves, antelopes, cats; of the swan, goose, duck, heron, and snipe. Bones of the hare and lion were found only in a single instance. The presence of man was proved by a number of animal bones split lengthwise in order to take out the marrow, and by hand-wrought implements (pierced teeth, thin lamelle of mammoth ivory, and splinters of flint of the rudest and most primitive shape). The conclusion is warranted that the Aachthal hunters flourished at a time when our so-called polar and tropical animals lived in close contact and contemporaneously, of course under a hotter climate than the Suabian hills now have; that these men possessed no tame domesticated animals; and that the terrible cave-bear was hunted by man—a fact of which we here get the first evidence. In Switzerland, a new lacustrine station has been discovered at Heimenlachen, near Berg. Among the fragments of vases and stone hatchets unearthed was the skull of a deer, whose horns had each nineteen branches, and measured four feet across.

—As one cannot know too much about his countrymen, we have made it a point from time to time to indicate the sources of information in regard to Alaska. With Mr. Whymper's and Mr. Dall's works at hand, indeed, the American reader need hardly resort to foreign works; yet perhaps these should not be neglected by one who wishes to be thoroughly informed. Mr. Dall, for instance, gives us a very full chapter on the aboriginal inhabitants of our new territory, but in order to be brief he had to omit many discussions of doubtful points. In Nos. 4 and 5 of Bastian and Hartmann's *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* will be found the first of a series of articles by A. Erman, consisting of ethnographic observations and experience on the coasts of Behring's Sea, with a colored map showing the distribution of the tribes. Here one may learn who the Aleuts are and what their name signifies, and the same of the Koloshes, together with numerous facts in regard to the appearance and manners of these tribes. The writer shows that the name Aleut was bestowed by the Russians, and is absolutely without significance or etymological relation to their language or to that of the inhabitants of the Fox Islands. As for Kolosh, Mr. Erman differs from Mr. Dall, considering it a purely Russian word (from the verb to split), though they agree in connecting it with the practice of labrets, or lip-distension—a name, then, comparable to that of the Indians whom the Canadians have called *Nez percés*. Our author has also something to say about the slavery in vogue among the Koloshes, one of whose pleasant customs it is, or was, to kill a couple of their servile Kalgi at a sort of wake held in memory of any deceased person, the mourners' chattels and not the dead man's being levied upon for this sacrifice. Other characteristics of this people are not so unamiable—as that parents are too tender-hearted to train their children properly, and so put them in charge of their grandparents—and their mechanical proficiency is much more than respectable, as is shown in their manufactures of iron and copper. On this side, if on no other, they would appear to be not of Asiatic origin.

—Luther's famous words at the Diet of Worms—"Here I stand, etc."—seem likely to share the fate of the stories of Tell and Pocahontas, Wellington's "Up, guards, and at them!" and similar anecdotes and sayings. In the *Historische Zeitschrift*, Waltz shows that the earliest contemporary account, that of Conrad Pentinger, written only a day or two after the affair, says "Ym beschluss sprach er die wort, Got kum mir zu hilf." Luther's own account ended simply, "Gott helf mir, Amen, Amen." The

form, "Ieh kan nicht anderst, hie steh ich, Gott helf mir, Amen," came very early into circulation, but did not receive full currency until the publication of Luther's collected works, we believe, in 1546.

The city authorities of Rome, having considered the necessities of the new capital, are about carrying out a plan of reconstruction which will ere long greatly transform and improve the city. Three elements have entered into the municipal problem—ancient Rome, the Rome of to-day, and the Rome of the future. To the former is resigned the seat of its grandest remains, the Aventine, Cælian, and Palatine hills, on and about which the excavations will be carried on till all is revealed that can be; the result being a quarter unique in picturesqueness and historic interest, beside which Pompeii would seem tame and inconsiderable. The Rome of the hereafter is to be pitched on the high and wholesome ground of the Pincian, Quirinal, and Esquiline, where the government is already encamped and will by-and-by build for itself, and where the rich and the fashionable will also take up their residence. To connect this half of the city with that of the low ground, two broad avenues have been determined on, which will cross the city from east to west; and the Rome of to-day will perhaps be still further benefited by diverting the Tiber into the meadows behind St. Angelo—a change which would destroy the Ponte Elio, but would afford room for an entire new quarter, and, it cannot be doubted, a rich harvest of relics now concealed in the present bed of the river.

KAMTOCHATKA.*

THE effort of the Western Union Telegraph Company to build a line of telegraph up the western coast of America and down the eastern coast of Asia, through countries which are inhospitable, almost inaccessible, and utterly unexplored, was probably the nearest approach to an adventure of chivalry that we have had in these modern times. Sailing westward like Columbus, the Company's explorers sought a short cut from the new Indies to old Europe. The unexpected success of the Atlantic Cable put an end to the enterprise, but not before the goal had been substantially attained. The explorations in Alaska were conducted by Messrs. Whymper and Dall, both of whom have given us accounts of this region, while to Major Abass, Mr. Kennan, and Mr. Mahood was committed the task of finding a route from Behring's Straits across Kamtchatka, and around the Okhotsk Sea, to the mouth of the Amoor River. Divided into small parties, and often alone with a few natives, they scaled mountains, rounded impassable cliffs on narrow ledges of ice, slept in the open air at a temperature of sixty degrees below zero, travelled on reindeer, snow-shoes, and dog-sledges, in all about 5,000 miles, nearly frozen with the extreme cold, and often on the verge of starvation; they successfully surveyed a practicable route, only to find after two years of hardship that the work into which they had thrown themselves with such energy and devotion was to be abandoned.

It is fortunate for us that Mr. Kennan was of this party, and has been able to tell us its story. Without affectation or pretension, he has written a book which is so true and lifelike that Sir Roderick Murchison calls it the first of recent books of travel, and to which Mr. Walton Grinnell, an excellent observer, who during the last year has travelled almost exactly the same route as that gone over by Mr. Kennan, says that he can add no word.

The author landed at Petropavlovsk, a small trading town at the southern end of Kamtchatka, in August, 1865, and went from there by land to Ghizhiga, at the head of the Okhotsk Sea, a journey of about 800 miles, reaching there only at the end of November. From here, in the middle of winter, he travelled 600 miles eastward, to the mouth of the Anadyr River, in search of some lost companions, and then back to Ghizhiga. Spending the summer at this place, he went again, in November, to Anadyrsk with succor to another starving party, then back, and finally, when, in the spring of 1867, the message came that the enterprise was abandoned, he started homeward through Siberia, and reached Moscow in January, 1868.

During the most of this time, Mr. Kennan was either alone or with a single companion, except natives, many of whom were said to be hostile, and whose language he was obliged to learn. He suffered very great privations, and was at times almost without the hope of returning alive. A cheerful, buoyant spirit, which we see reflected everywhere throughout his narrative, kept him up. This reflection of himself is one of the charms

of the book. He does not conceal the fact that he suffered, and was at times in great straits, but he does not dwell on it, and rather presents to us always the bright side of the picture. The humors of the occasion seem to impress him much more strongly than the dangers. As illustration of this, take Mr. Kennan's description of his unsuccessful attempt to pass the Samanka range of mountains, or his account of his journey down the Anadyr River in search of his companions. In the little settlement of Anadyrsk, near the Arctic circle, Mr. Kennan vaguely heard of a small party of Americans who had landed near the straits, and, from lack of transportation, were compelled to winter there. Finding that there was evidently some truth in the story, and knowing that the party must be in want of provisions, if even yet alive, he resolved to rescue them, and, therefore, with his companion, Mr. Dodd, and twelve natives, set out over the snowy plain, not knowing whether the journey was of two or of five hundred miles, his only data being that it was down the river, and that somewhere there was a little hut buried in the snow-drift, with an iron stove-pipe sticking out of it. It was well for him that he did not fully realize the perils and difficulties of the expedition, and it was only after travelling for eleven days, more than 300 miles, when they were fifty miles from any wood, some of them already stupefied with a cold of fifty degrees below zero, that the party woke to the feeling that their own safety depended on their finding this little black pipe in the midst of a dreary, desolate, and apparently unbounded snowy waste. We leave it to Mr. Kennan to tell how, weary with a fruitless search, and on the verge of despair, they were about to adopt the last resource, and break up some of their sledges for firewood, when, by a mere accident, the hidden hut was found almost under their feet. The pathos of his story is too genuine to be mutilated by an abridgment.

But Mr. Kennan's book is much more than a narrative of personal adventure; it is a valuable contribution to science. The author tells us much about the physical geography and resources of this unknown Kamtchatka, and much about the languages, customs, and habits of the various tribes of Kamtchadals, Koraks, and Tchukchis who dwell in it. Gifted with good powers of observation, and possessed of the fruits of considerable reading, he is able to tell what he saw in a pleasant way, which leaves the impression of accuracy, and to tell it briefly, giving us in a short compass what others would have spread into a bulky octavo.

Kamtchatka, as seen by Mr. Kennan, bears little resemblance to the barren, frozen region which rises up in our imagination at the mention of this name. The peninsula is chiefly of volcanic origin, and its great central range of mountains has still five or six volcanoes in a constant state of activity. The central and southern parts are broken up into fertile valleys and sequestered glens, and the scenery is everywhere majestic and picturesque. The climate is equable; rye, turnips, cabbages, and potatoes grow well as far north as lat. 58°, and in summer the vegetation everywhere has an almost tropical luxuriance. The only fruits are wild-cherries and some twenty different kinds of berries. Salmon and other fish are abundant, while in the plains and valleys there are numbers of reindeer, bears, wild sheep, and ibexes, and millions of ducks, geese, and swans. Cattle are kept by the natives in nearly all the settlements. Mr. Kennan says that he has "seen natives in the valley of the Kamtchatka as pleasantly situated, and enjoying as much comfort and almost as many luxuries, as nine-tenths of the settlers upon the frontiers of our Western States and Territories."

With the country north of the peninsula the case is very different, the only food of the inhabitants of the settlements during the long winters being dried fish, and reindeer bought from the wandering tribes of Koraks, who are a sort of special providence to the shiftless natives. Supplies are, indeed, occasionally sent out from Russia to the larger settlements, but these do not always arrive, or last for long, so that a town is sometimes abandoned, as was once the case with Aijan, for lack of food. Mr. Kennan and his companions were, naturally enough, astonished at the amount of comfort enjoyed by the Russians in these out-of-the-way coast settlements, and at the little luxuries they possessed in the shape of carpets, books, musical instruments, and pictures (in one case, a colored lithograph of General Dix being worshipped as a Russian saint). A Russian colony is, in fact, as nearly as possible the image of a Russian town. Difficult as it is to teach the Russian civilization, what he gets he holds, and his natural conservatism here stands him in good stead. You may go into the house of a Russian merchant in Eastern Siberia or Central Asia, and you will find furniture of the same pattern, arranged in the same way, as on banks of the Volga, with possibly a copy of the *Yenisey* or *Tashkend News* on the table, and you will be welcomed with a little glass of the same

* "Tent Life in Siberia, and Adventures among the Koraks and other Tribes in Kamtchatka and Northern Asia." By George Kennan." With a map. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1871. 12mo. pp. 425.

vodka or a bumper of the identical brand of champagne that you tasted on setting out from Moscow.

In treating of the Koraks, the author describes their very curious marriage ceremony, which consists in the bridegroom chasing the bride through all the compartments (made by means of skin curtains) of the hut, impeded at every step by numerous old women, armed with willow-rods, who endeavor, by beating him and tripping him up, to keep him from catching his bride. Mr. Kennan is unable to explain the meaning of this custom, while Mr. A. S. Bickmore, in the *American Journal of Science* for May, 1868, in noticing it, says that the chastisement is intended to test the young man's ability to bear up against the ills of life. This can hardly be the case, for probably no custom among savages is ever purposely symbolical, but is a relic of something which had a meaning. This custom exactly corresponds to what is called the "love chase" among the Kirghizes of the Steppes of the Aral. There the bride, armed with a stout whip, is mounted on horseback, and, being given a fair start, is pursued by all whose wealth and courage entitle them to be her suitors. She may beat off any who approach her with all the violence she chooses to use, but is the prize of him who catches her. Both customs are additional evidence for the theorists who make primitive marriage to have consisted only in capture.

A POET REDIVIVUS.*

THE reader need not take alarm at the uncouth titles of these books, nor need he put them in the same category with most Eastern poems, to be read from a sense of duty rather than from any keen interest in their ornate and luscious imagery and their novel *mise-en-scene*. Verses that depend for their interest on the rarity of the bulbul and lotos in our variable climate, he will not find here, but something much more than that—rarer even than the bulbul—genuine poetry. The author touches a note as old as the human race—the wonder at the world. At the bottom of his utterance is the cry of man's heart desiring and seeking a solution of the universe, longing to see behind the veil which most mortals so contentedly leave untried. It expresses the unrest of one who seeks, in a word, to find out the meaning of life. Here is an example which will make this plainer than pages of description :

" Think, in this battered caravanserai,
Whose portals are alternate night and day,
How sultan after sultan with his pomp
Abode his destined hour and went his way.

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, and cannot break his sleep.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling time has prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest,

Were it not folly's spider-like to spin
The thread of present life away to win—
What? for ourselves who know not if we shall
Breathe out the very breath we now breathe in!"

This mournful poetry, so pathetic from the earnestness of the yearning and the impossibility of an answer, and so modern in its manner, was written at about the end of the eleventh century. Besides being a poet, Khayyam was an astronomer, and no contemptible one, for he reformed the calendar, establishing a computation of time which, according to Gibbon, as quoted by the anonymous author of the English version now before us in this second edition, "surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style." That so rare a literary treasure should have remained hidden from Europeans for so long a time is indeed extraordinary, and no less so that its appearance should coincide with the doubt, enquiry, and pessimism so characteristic of the present day. Khayyam has been most fortunate, too, in finding a good translator. The English version closely retains the form of the original Persian, while, at the same time, this formal accuracy is not obtained at the expense of the poetical grace of the original. The version is anonymous. The first edition met with no success, and the copies were given away to tradespeople. In this way one chanced to meet the eye of a customer who found the verses in which his purchase was enveloped superior to the usual poetry of wrapping paper, and, finding out the translator, he persuaded him to publish this second edition. In spite of the merits of the translation and the

rare beauty of the poetry, the work has not met with the success it deserved. The first mention made of it was in the literary notices of the *North American Review*, in a very interesting article. A brief notice appeared some months ago in *Fraser's Magazine*. This silence is the more remarkable when we consider the hot enthusiasm of various English critics over the discovery of Walt Whitman and Joaquin Miller, who brought them nothing more than the charm, such as it was, of their novelty. The quatrains we can recommend most heartily to all lovers of poetry. Although many readers may be offended by what they will consider the irreverence and conviviality of the Persian, yet, if they will reflect, they will find it is something far different from the wanton, vainglorious flippancy of heedless or impudent materialism, or from the noisy laughter of the sensualists. It is but the expression of the sad despair of the baffled thinker. It is not that he will not, but that he cannot, listen to the ordinary explanations. There is no dangerous hilarity in such lines as these :

" Impotent pieces of the game he plays
Upon this chequer-board of nights and days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks and slays;
And one by one back in the closet lays,

The moving finger writes and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

And that inverted bowl we call the sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to it for help—for it
As impotently rolls as you or I.

With earth's first clay they did the last man knead,
And there of the last harvest sowed the seed;
And the first morning of creation wrote
What the last dawn of reckoning shall read.

Yesterday this day's madness did prepare,
To-morrow's sieste, triumph, or despair;
Drink! for you know not whence you came nor why,
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where."

His moral is " Eat, drink, for to-morrow ye die," but it is not pleasure for its own sake he seeks, but some relief from his wonder at the great mystery of the world. It is a solemn, not to say almost a ghastly, merriment that possesses him, all the sadder from its incongruity with the language of joviality. His deep thoughts are perpetual skeletons at the banquet, they continually remind him of the emptiness of all things:

" And fear not lest existence closing your
Account should lose, or know the type no more;
The eternal saki from that bowl has poured
Millions of bubbles like us and will pour.

When you and I behind the veil are past,
Oh! but th' long, long while the world shall last,
Which of our coming and departure needs
As much as ocean of a pebble cast.

One moment in annihilation's waste,
One moment of the well of life to taste—
The stars are setting, and the caravan
Draws to the dawn of nothing—oh! make haste.

Why, if the soul can fling the dust aside,
And naked on the air of heaven ride,
Is't not a shame—is't not a shame for him
So long in this clay suburb to abide?

But that is but a tent, wherein may rest
A sultan, to the realm of death address;
The sultan rises, and the dark Ferrâsh
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest."

The French translation of M. Nicolas is a very handsome book, with the original Persian text on one side, and the literal unmetered translation upon the other. It contains, in all, four hundred and sixty-four quatrains, of which the English version gives us only one hundred and ten. Three or four have been rather coldly translated by Mr. Emerson in the end of his "May Day." One finds in the literal translation many more of the wine-singing verses than in the English version; many of the quatrains being of rare beauty. For instance: " When my soul and thine shall have departed, they will place a heap of bricks upon thy tomb and mine. Then to cover the tombs of others with other bricks our dust shall be thrown into the mold of the brickmaker." " This jar was once like me, a loving, unhappy being—it sighed after the tresses of some young beauty; this handle you see fastened to its side was an arm lovingly passed around some fair one's neck." It is worth while observing that M. Nicolas holds the convivial verses to be mystical and full of deep religious sentiment, in which case it must be hard for Persians to distinguish between their hymns and their drinking songs. In closing, we will give the last few verses of the English translation, and let them speak for themselves:

* "The Rubâiyât of Omar Khayyam." London: B. Quaritch. 1868.

'Les Quatrains de Khayyam, traduits du Persan par J. B. Nicolas.' Paris: Imprimerie Impériale. 1867.

" Yet ah ! that spring should vanish with the rose !
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close.
The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah ! whence and whither flown again, who knows ?

Would but the desert of the fountain yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed revealed,
Toward which the fainting traveller might spring,
As springs the tramped herbage of the field !

Oh ! if the world were but to re-create,
That we might catch, ere closed, the book of fate,
And make the writer on a fairer leaf
Inscribe our names, or quite obliterate !

Better, oh ! better, cancel from the scroll
Of universe one luckless human soul,
Than drop by drop enlarge the flood that rolls
Hoarser with anguish as the ages roll.

Ah love ! could you and I with fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of thing entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire ?

But see, the rising moon of heaven again
Looks for us, sweetheart, through the quivering plane
How oft hereafter rising will she look
Among those leaves for one of us in vain !

The English translator, who seems to be of a genius akin to that of Khayyam, deserves very high praise for the vigor and sincerity with which he has done his work. He may be held to have added one more to the roll of English poets. And the new-comer, if not such as to attain popularity, and to be received warmly by the persons who make the public of the fashionable poets, will surely find his way into the inner circles of lovers of poetry, and will be there respected and admired after generations of our skilful makers of poems shall have fleeted away. In fact, the public of this sad singer, who was making his quatrains while William and Harold were fighting, is of the kind that only becomes large by lapse of generations, and is never anything but small at any one time.

THE MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

AT least one department of literature, our school-book history of the United States, we Americans have a national interest in improving as soon as we can. It is not too much to say that it needs to be rewritten. As it stands at present, the principal design of each writer of it would appear to be to present American youths with his plaster cast of some one's else ideal head, in plaster, of the Father of his Country, all the life being taken out of Washington to fit him for service as a model, and nearly all the likeness. Accompanying this each gives a figure of George the Third as a "tyrant"; another of Benedict Arnold; another of Israel Putnam and the wolf, and a formless narrative of events which is not full, nor exact, nor anything like impartial, nor in the least philosophical, and which is much more successful as ministering to the national vanity than as history—as giving a clear account of the American colonial system, that apprenticeship to liberty; of the connection of the colonies with Europe; of the true characters—not the dress-parade characters as "patriots," "warriors," and the like—and true careers of the founders of the United States, and of their fathers before them who made their work possible; of the nature of the government founded, and of those—from town meeting and parish meeting to Confederation—which it displaced or crowned; of its working since; of its prospects; of its real advantages and its real dangers. The case doubtless grows better, and future rudimentary text-books in history will be less and less likely to present the eagle brand of American history, and more and more likely to give that view of it which shows why we have a right to be well content with the work which has been done here, and to have faith in the work that is doing. The truth is always best. For instance, as bearing on the question whether we are on our way to the dogs, it can do the young student no harm to learn that the supply of heroes and saints seems to be, on the whole, increasing rather than diminishing; that they had plenty of speculators and shoddy-makers in Revolutionary times as well as more recently; that Wayne and Gates and Greene were only men, as Thomas was, who fought but a while ago, and Farragut, and many thousand more whose virtues we may take courage to emulate, and whose honor we should take care not to lessen by deluding and ill-considered eulogy bestowed on other times and men. This and similar lines of thought may very well be suggested by an article in the *Catholic World*, entitled "America's Obligations to France"; but we do not know that its writer, suggesting them, does very much to enforce them. So far as concerns acknowledgments in print we have not been very culpably remiss. We do after all confess in all the books that had it not been for French aid we should not have brought the war to an end when we did, and we praise Lafayette and De Grasse and Rochambeau, without whom we admit

we should not have compelled the surrender at Yorktown; and more than this we can hardly be expected to do. Compare with our behavior that of the Spaniards, for example, not a man, woman, or child of whom will admit that they and the Maid of Saragossa found the assistance of the English of any value whatever in driving the French out of Spain. We do better than that at least; though of course it may be doubted if we are sufficiently eager to insist upon our indebtedness, and if we estimate it exactly. As usual in such cases, complete justice in pointing out the full extent of obligation is to be expected from third parties rather than from the parties concerned. And had we been as chary of our acknowledgments as the writer in the *Catholic World* thinks us, it would nevertheless be unnecessary to believe, as he apparently is inclined, that our forefathers could not quite make up their minds to be grateful to allies, however effective, who went to mass. We suppose that he makes far too little account of the facts that the American colonists were in nearly all their habits of thought and nearly all their opinions Englishmen, with some contempt and much dislike of Frenchmen, and some hatred and fear of France; that they were Englishmen in an America where they had often had to meet in the field the Frenchman allied with the detested Indian; that they knew or thought they knew that France lent us assistance not as a free gift of love, but because our success would be a vast injury to Great Britain; finally, we suppose that even had it been true, as our author maintains, that the French people took our part not because we were fighting their hereditary enemies, but because we were fighting for liberty, they, nevertheless, by the explication of this word liberty which they gave the world shortly afterwards, would have seriously interfered with the liveliness of our ancestors' sense of gratitude.

A better article in the same magazine has something to say to Mr. Carlyle about the justice of his onslaught on "one Père Bouhours." "Motion in vacuo," says Mr. Carlyle, "is well known to be speedier and surer than through a resisting medium, especially to imponderable bodies, and so the light Jesuit, unimpeded by facts or principles of any kind, failed not to reach his conclusion"—his conclusion in the particular case which Mr. Carlyle had in hand being, according to Mr. Carlyle, his answer to his own question, "Si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit?" He comfortably decided in the negative, Mr. Carlyle goes on to remark, and announced that "a German could not have any literary talent." For the expression of this nefarious sentiment, Mr. Carlyle instantly trices up the "light Jesuit" and gives him a couple of dozen. But it is the light Scotch essayist, it appears, who should be in the rigging undergoing punishment; as this writer shows, the world had been correct in its usual version of the smart saying of the Père Bouhours. Looking through that gentleman's works, he discovers in the "Entretiens d'Ariste et d'Eugène" that the question stands in the words, "Si un Allemand peut être bel esprit." The lack of wit rather than the lack of literary talent of the Germans was what the author more particularly took as the subject of his jest. But had he held the opinion which Carlyle charges him with holding—and in all probability he did hold it—he would not have been so much to blame. Mr. Carlyle himself, and in the very essay in which this diatribe occurs—"The State of German Literature" (1827)—shows how universal, not only in other parts of Europe alone, but in Germany itself, in the lifetime of Bouhours and for centuries before it, and for a long time afterwards, was the ignorance concerning mediæval German satire and poetry. Even now it might be retorted upon him that people are not reading the Nibelungen, and that one of Heine's most admired jests—that about the Romans having found time to conquer the earth because, unlike the moderns, they had not to stop and learn Latin grammar—he ventured to take from the "Epistole Obscurum Virorum." Mr. Carlyle, by the way, seems to be in trouble just now in the periodical world. The *Westminster* pays its respects to him in an article on Cromwell, for garbling facts to make them fit into the fabric he has chosen to shape, and to shape after such pattern as pleases him.

Other articles which may be read with pleasure are some chapters of a novel translated from the Spanish of Fernan Caballero, who is well worth the attention of our novel-readers; and a letter, written from a Roman Catholic point of view, but interesting to such as have not made themselves acquainted with the details of the miracle which takes place every year at Naples. The writer is an American Romanist and a priest, and was allowed unusually good opportunity for watching the liquefaction in the reliquary, and the somewhat disgusting details are given very clearly.

Harper's begins with what we have found a very taking paper, though we do not know that there is anything especially good to be said about it after one says that it is very suggestive of the kind of place it describes. That is Montauk Point, away at the end of Long Island, with its queer

people, its delicious air, and its loneliness—undepressing to the tired vacation-seeker. We might, indeed, add to this, which, however, is enough in all conscience for a magazine article in August, that the writer has something of Mr. Swiveller's "remarkable power of quotation," and gives some pretty scraps of poetry, which chime with the sea and the breeze. In the "Editor's Easy Chair," something good is said for the city of Washington, where, we learn, an unworthy man lives more cheaply than in any other American city, the reason being that in Washington there are always many dignitaries, domestic and foreign, of small means and on small salaries, who live plainly in unobtrusive quarters, but who yet are dignitaries, and persons of consideration. Their example makes the like unostentation possible for other men of moderate means, while in nearly all other American cities all persons of a certain class are expected to live within the limits of a comparatively small section of the town, and in a style dictated by persons of much larger means. To go a step further, however, in seeking a solution of this problem, we should say that the comparative freedom of Washington from the American wife and daughter, and the congregation in large numbers of the reflecting male, will be found to be at the bottom of the phenomenon in question.

The best article in *Scribner's Monthly* is by a practised journalist, Mr. W. F. G. Shanks, who has been up at North Adams, inspecting the Chinamen, and can tell us how they are doing after one year of trial. They are doing very well. The immediate cause of their coming was a dispute between their employer and his former workmen. He appears to be a man of energy and tenacity. Ten years ago he defeated a determined strike against the employment of machinery in his manufactory; just before calling in the Chinamen he had kept the whole factory running for three weeks with only a single man in it, this man being a workman who would not join the "Crispins," and whose dismissal the Crispins demanded. He next discharged a full set of hands who were playing him a common trick of trades' unions, and turning out inferior work in the expectation of forcing a rise in the price of labor. To take the place of this set he hired another, but the Union ordered them not to go to the benches, and they obeyed. It was this last vexation that determined Mr. Sampson to send to San Francisco for Chinamen. The Chinese brokers made enquiries into his character and commercial standing, and satisfied themselves also that he did business in a small town—for they will not send their countrymen to towns so large as to possess a rabble of prejudiced men—and then procured him seventy-five young fellows from eighteen to twenty-eight years old, who were shipped to Massachusetts at an expense of about \$125 a head. "The cleanest lot of emigrants that ever went over the road," a conductor on the Pacific road said of them. The original expenditure being not less than \$10,000, and the men being ignorant of shoemaking and of English, the enterprise did not look, in its first stage, very promising, but it speedily put on a prosperous aspect. At the end of a week the men were turning out "the average work of beginners," and at the end of three months they were making more shoes in a week than the same number of Crispins (though, undoubtedly, they were slower workmen), and were making them equally well. To their remarkable faculty of imitation, the perfection of the machinery, and the great steadiness with which they worked, these results are due. The further result of cheapness is due to the comparative lowness of their wages. "The saving in the cost of production on a week's work was (at the end of the twelfth month) \$840," or an annual saving of \$40,000; "in itself a handsome profit on a business which, under Crispin dictation, had, to use Mr. Sampson's language, 'hardly held its own.'" It is agreeable to hear that thirty-one of Mr. Sampson's displaced workmen have set on foot a co-operative shoe-shop, which is successful, has made the men engaged in it steadier workmen, and in which they produce more goods each week and of a better quality than they ever produced for Mr. Sampson. Mr. Shanks gives an account also of the Passaic Laundry's experiment with Chinese labor in place of the unsteady labor of girls. The report is substantially the same as in Mr. Sampson's case—steadier work; more of it, and cheaper; no fault to be found with the behavior of the men.

Some of Mr. Edward Whymper's book, entitled "Scrambles among the Alps," forms the first article in *Lippincott's Magazine*, which will publish by instalments the whole of the volume. Mr. Whymper is evidently a better hand at climbing up all sorts of places at the peril of his neck than he is at writing, and masterly description such as Mr. Clarence King has given of his climbing among our sierras will not be found in Mr. Whymper's chapters. Indeed, they are not a little bald, and presuppose in their readers a good deal more of the Alpine Club instinct than the general public has. But now and again, in the dizzy places, they have an interest which will be sufficient to carry the reader through them.

A correspondent, "W. P. M.," in writing about St. Petersburg and Moscow—the latter of which may be called the capital of the Pan-Slavic party, as the former is the political capital of Russia—tells a good story of the Ladies' Section of the Slavic committee which the enthusiastic Moscovians have in operation. The committee had sent a commission into Bulgaria to see how white for the harvest that Slavic field might be, and the commission reported with regret that in Bulgarian education was not what it should be, the women and girls in particular being lamentably uneducated. Upon this the Ladies' Section convened itself, and resolved that something must be done immediately, and did do something, for it established several normal schools, where Bulgarian girls can not only be fitted for teaching, but are even supported until graduation. But just under the noses of these ladies, not across the Turkish border, but in the Province of Moscow and the District of Mashaisk, the number of girls who attend school is 1 out of 27,519 souls.

The *Atlantic* is most readable of the month's magazines. Mr. Howells's piece, "The Wedding Journey," should be missed by no one who likes, and by no one who wishes to learn to like, the most delicate of humor. The adventures, slight though they be, of the newly-wedded pair—the young woman whom everybody is fond of, and in whose happiness every one is glad—will serve to bring the humor a little nearer to readers whose taste as yet is not such as to enjoy our author's humor in its simplicity.

Mr. Henry James, jun., continues his story of "Watch and Ward," which, in this third part of it, is marked by all his excellences, and promises to be one of his best. The young Westerner is finely studied; and perhaps even better is the unfortunate lover; and good, too, we suppose, is the young girl. They all, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, are by this time in a fine state of torture. Good, too, is Mr. T. G. Appleton's article, entitled "The Flowering of a Nation," which proposes a statue of Leif Ericson, who, sailing from Iceland, first found Vinland. He is surely an excellent subject for the sculptor. Must there, though, be the "flowering of a nation" before the Bostonian can find an appropriate statue for the place "formerly occupied by Scollay's Building"? However that may be, Mr. Appleton's suggestion is excellent; and so is the article, only the approaches leading up to the suggestion above-mentioned are rather of the longest; and we may add that "the Latin races" will undoubtedly last for a time yet, even though "they crumble and dissolve," and though "from the beginning they were slaves to the passion and prosperity of the hour," and though "individuality, the possession of one's self, is not theirs." The Germans have beaten the French, certainly; but we suppose we need not, therefore, all of us be all the time beating all the Latin races. Very hasty, wide generalization is one of the things that some people of Latin race, as distinguished from some people of Teutonic, have had for one of their bad habits. Mr. Bret Harte's "Greyport Legend" is the most effective poetry of the *Atlantic* this month, but it is less effective than it might be, partly from obscurity and partly from other causes. An evil thing the last stanza is to any one who cares for the poetry of the legend. The other poetry in the *Atlantic* is rather pretty.

In *Old and New* there are "Some Words about Women," written by Miss, or Mrs., M. P. Lowe—it is customary among ladies who write to leave you in doubt as to their proper title—which will meet with general approval. Other writers in *Old and New* this month are Mr. E. E. Hale, Mrs. J. W. Howe, "Gail Hamilton," who writes something rather pleasant, and with some of her usual disagreeable snappiness, and lastly, Mr. Joaquin Miller, who has a sonnet—or whatever it is—as follows, which we commend to the thoughtful admirers of that poet:

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Come to my sun-land! come with me
To the land I love, where the sun and sea
Are wed for ever; where palm and pine
Are filled with singers; where tree and vine
Are voiced with prophets! O come! and you
Shall sing a song with the seas that swirl,
And kiss their hands to the cold white girl,
To the maiden moon in her mantle of blue.

The History of Peoria, Illinois. By C. Ballance. (Peoria: Printed by N. C. Nason.)—Whoever collects and puts on record, however unskillfully, the annals of an American town, deserves our thanks. Every day is making it harder to obtain materials for this; and now, especially, while "first settlers" are still living, efforts should be made to preserve everything. Incidents and illustrations of manners and modes of life are especially valuable, because it is in them that the essence of history largely consists. Mr. Ballance's history of Peoria has value, therefore, in spite of its defects. These defects are easy to point out. It is ill arranged, and

written in a "newspaper" style, both as regards expression and manner of thought. It contains a good deal of worthless detail, and, at the same time, tells us less than we should like to know of those early times the memory of which it is not yet too late to preserve. Thus, the French colonization in the Mississippi Valley is a subject of great interest; and wherever it has left a trace upon Western society, that trace should be carefully followed up. It seems impossible that industrious search should not give more information in regard to the French colony of Peoria than this meagre chapter, the best thing in which is the argument that the French civilization must have been at a very low stage; for, "when the present population commenced to settle here, about forty years ago, there was not to be found, in this neighborhood, a vestige of a tree, shrub, or plant belonging to Europe. . . . I therefore pronounce the wine story a humbug."

Again, instead of wild assertions as to the evidences of ancient civilization being all a delusion—upon which subject, begging his pardon, Mr. Ballance has not earned a right to speak *ex cathedra*—we ought to have a clear account of whatever such evidences are alleged to exist in the neighborhood of Peoria. Give us the facts, and we can dispense with crude assertions. A good illustration of the clumsy way in which the book is put together is found in the criticism (p. 10) of Mr. Parkman's description of Fort Crèvecoeur, as "not justified by anything Hennepin says about it, nor is there any ground at that place that fits his description. There is no hill or knoll there, but the land is all under water occasionally, for more than a mile back from the river. Where does he get the authority for saying this fort was defended by *chevaux de frise* and palisades twenty-five feet high?" But on page 25 we find Hennepin's own description: "An eminence on the bank of the river, defended on that side by the river, and on two other sides by ditches the rains had made very deep, by succession of time, so that it was accessible only by one way; therefore we cast a line to join these two natural ditches, and made the eminence steep on every side, supporting the earth with great pieces of timber"—a description which gives authority to most of Mr. Parkman's details, and which, our author declares, exactly fits the village of Wesley.

Notwithstanding these faults in judgment, the book seems honestly and faithfully done, and no doubt can be relied upon as a record of facts, whether or not it will persuade the people of Illinois to take Peoria for their capital. It is not devoid of incident, and contains many entertaining bits of personal gossip—rather gratifying, one would say, to the representatives of the persons in question. One is struck, however, with the commonplace character of persons and events in those days—fifty years ago. Were they really so devoid of picturesqueness, or is Mr. Ballance destitute of the skill to find it out and present it?

Pioneers and Founders; or, Recent Workers in the Mission Field. By C. M. Yonge, author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." (New York: Macmillan and Co.)—Since the great discoveries of the fifteenth century, missionary enterprises have taken again the important place, as means of civilization, which they held a thousand years ago. It seemed, perhaps, to the contemporaries of St. Augustine, Boniface, and Adalbert, that these English, Saxons, and Prussians were nothing but rude barbarians, with no part to play in the world's history; it was to save their souls in the future world, not to help on the progress of the present world, that the martyrs preached and suffered. So now we can hardly conceive of a great future before these Hindus and South-Sea Islanders; and yet it may be that future generations will cherish the names of Swartz, Judson, and Williams not only as teachers of Christianity, but as the founders of a new civilization. It is with good reason, therefore, that Miss Yonge's book is named "Pioneers and Founders." She has selected, for Macmillan's Sunday Library, a few of the most characteristic names of the modern missionary work, and has told their story in an interesting manner. One could hardly desire a book which should tell of the spirit and character of these enterprises more graphically and sympathetically. It is impossible not to feel, however, that there are two classes of missionary enterprise which command our sympathy in a very unequal degree. Eliot, Brainerd, Marsden, and Mackenzie labored among pure savages, and their aim was quite as much to teach them industry, frugality, and thrift as the truths of Christianity. In regard to such labors as these, one can feel nothing but admiration for the zeal, the heroism, and the good sense that distinguished them. But when it comes to sending propagandists to communities which possess a civilization and a religion in some cases older than our own—to people who are educated and thoughtful—is there not something intrusive in it? If the Buddhists or Mohammedans should send mission-

aries to us, we should not kill them, or lock them up, or send them away, we suppose; but we should think it rather an impertinence. Somehow, we cannot help feeling that these earnest pioneers, who were so busy in spreading merely the *dogmas* of Christianity, might have been better employed among the heathen of their own land.

Inside Paris during the Siege. By an Oxford Graduate. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871).—The author witnessed the first siege of Paris with his parents and a sister, and he tells its story in his "own way, without invention or embellishment," offering it to the reader with the words of Montaigne: "'C'est ici un livre de bonne foye, Lecteur'"—which, an attentive perusal makes us inclined to believe, he has a full right to use. His object is not to pass sentence of condemnation or approval upon what he narrates, nor even to sketch events in their bare objectivity, but "to bring forward . . . whatever may tend to dispel the conventionalities of history which efface the true human interest of things," and to save for the future student of the siege "something of its original Parisian *naïveté*." This limited task, as far as in him lay, he has very well executed; and his production, though far inferior in wit, humor, and brilliancy of narrative to the "Diary of a Besieged Resident," with which it has many points of resemblance and coincidence in style and views, will be found both entertaining and instructive even by those who have fully enjoyed the attractive siege pictures and spicy talk of that philosophic caricaturist. The book before us is in its main parts also a diary, but neither are the whole of the writer's notes presented, nor does he seem to have abstained from emendatory alterations, as we infer partly from a remark attached to an inserted account of the "Organization of the Republican Party" in France, received from a friend in Paris long after the conclusion of the siege, and yet "freely used for the composition of these pages." We presume, however, that the alterations are rare, as the diction of the "Graduate" is quite fresh and racy, and his humor, if not so sparkling as that of the "Resident," is at least as genuine as his. His sketches from life are sometimes very pleasant in their plainness, like the following:

"My mother and I went on 'our siege walk' toward the Faubourg St. Antoine, as far as the Place du Trône, and then turned to the left up the Boulevard de Charonne. Scarcely a vestige remained of the young saplings that peopled this outer line of boulevards, except here and there a stump with the bars of the iron fence that protected the tree lying wrenching and twisted on the soil. Further on, huge trunks lay prostrate, around which swarmed an eager crowd of women and children, hacking with their puny hatchets at the twigs and bark. A few tall elms, which still defied the efforts of the people, were being sawn at their base, while all the time clusters of gamins were preying on the branches; one moment more, and the tree might totter on its trunk, and hurl its gavroches on to their mother earth. All Belleville had turned out into the streets, and swarmed in ant-like procession, *dirina via populi*, each one bearing away his portion of the spoil, branch, log, fagot, sweepings of small twigs, shovelled into aprons and pinacles—a desperate struggle for existence. Hard by was the cemetery of Père la Chaise, with its ample garden of tombs, spread on the steep flanks of mountainous Charonne. As we went slowly up the steps which lead to the mortuary chapel on the summit, the muffled sound of distant guns fell like a dirge on our ears—so low, so mournful, so deadened by the snow that lay thick on the intervening ridge of Montreuil, that it seemed to come from another world. We paused awhile to look into a long, wide trench, which the diggers were carrying through the eastern slope of the hill, while at the other end, three by three, the coffins were being piled, and a thin layer of earth gradually veiled them from our sight. Sorrowing relatives gazed tearfully at the closely-packed *fosse commune*, crushing its dead in such tight embrace. 'Never mind,' quoth the gravedigger, who recked not of the agonies of the tomb, 'there's room enough for all of 'em—*il y a de la place pour tout le monde ; allez.*'"

The theme of the "Graduate," like that of the "Resident," is the people of Paris during the siege, though he offers, also, quite a number of interesting remarks on the leading men *infra muros*—statesmen, generals, and revolutionists. He starts with a rather friendly disposition towards the besieged, but is gradually more and more disgusted with their mock heroism, boastful ignorance, and senseless insurrectionary attempts, and finally yields to a pessimism which vents itself in observations and conclusions occasionally even gloomier than the following:

"In his (Thiers's) account of revolutionary scenes, I recognize the Paris of 1870; they stand the test of experiment which makes other histories dissolve into mere flimsy bombast. After all, Paris was, in 1793, very much as we see it now, with one great exception—that its working-classes have been tamed and enervated by luxuries at that time unknown. The Empire has glutted them with the refuse of the rich. High wages, fine squares to saunter in, great alcazars with rouged women to educate their sense of beauty, Theresas to howl for their musical entertainments—all these cheap luxuries of civilized Imperial life have made of the Parisian

workman a simple repetition in the blouse of what the little boulevard fop is in his modish waistcoats. I sometimes hear a regret expressed by Revolutionists of the St. Just type, that a guillotine was not set up in the Place de la Concorde at the outset of the siege. The absence of this instrument of terror in the Republic of the 4th of September is rather a sign of degeneracy than of progress. The populace has been too much saturated with pleasure to have the nerve for guillotining; it will scratch, tear, and lacerate with a venomous ferocity of puny, degenerate creatures. The guillotine, with all its atrocity, was a symbol of strength; and there is not one man amongst the fanatical leaders of the present within our walls with faith enough in himself or in his followers to have recourse to such desperate means of coercion."

A Key to the Pentateuch, Explanatory of the Text and Grammatical Forms. By Solomon Deutsch, A.M., Ph.D., author of "A New Practical Hebrew Grammar." Part I.: Genesis (New York: Holt & Williams, 1871).—The second part of this work is to contain Exodus and Leviticus, and the third, Numbers and Deuteronomy; and the whole is to be "the means of introducing the student to a full and thorough understanding of the Hebrew text of the Bible," being chiefly calculated to spare such beginners as have acquired some grammatical knowledge of Hebrew the trouble of hunting up roots, forms, and exceptions in dictionaries and grammars, and to enable them to study the Hebrew text without a teacher, or fully to prepare at home for every school lesson. The arrangement of the "Key" is, in the main, the following: Every word of the text is translated where it first occurs, in the form in which it there appears; rare and chiefly irregular words receive repeated translations. Every idiomatic phrase is at least once explained, both literally and agreeably to the sense. Verbs are retranslated in every conjugation; in addition to the root, the verbal analysis is given. Special attention is paid to derivations, with reference also to other Semitic languages. Historical, geographical, and archaeological remarks are given in notes. Lists of "paradigms," from the author's grammar, to which frequent references are made, are added in an appendix. The work is very elaborate and very carefully done, and its Hebrew portions are remarkable for distinctness and correctness. It will thus undoubtedly be found an excellent help and guide both by students and teachers. The following extracts from the lexicographic-grammatical part and the explanatory notes may serve to illustrate the plan and execution:

"Chapter XIV. 1. *Melekh*, king (*malakh*, to reign.) 2. *Milhamah*, war, battle (*laham*, to fight); *asu mil'hamah eth*, they made war with. 3. *Ha-beru*, united; *emek*, vale (*amak*, to be deep); *siddim*, Siddim (plains, fields); *metah*, salt; *yam hamme-lah*, the Salt Sea (Lake). 4. *Abedu*, they served; *shelosh-esreh*, in the thirteenth; *maradu*, they rebelled, pr. K. (p.) *Vay-yakku*, a. they smote; *nakhah*, ev. f. Hi.

Notes to the same verses.—1. *Shinar*, in Mesopotamia. *Ellasar*, a locality now generally identified with Larsa by the explorers of Southern Babylonia. *Elam*, the Elymais of the classical writers, a region of Western Persia. *Goyim*, nations, a number of various tribes. *Yam hamme-lah*, the Asphalt Lake, or Dead Sea. *Shelosh-esreh* [Grammar] § 84, 4;

when? *Maradu*, in pause, for *maredu*. *Rephaim*, a giant race. *Ashteroth Karnayim*, a town of Eastern Palestine, sacred to the horned (*keren*) goddess Ashtoreth. *Zuzim*, a race of giants, called in the language of the Ammonites, by whom they were extirpated, *Zamzummin*. *Ham*, prob. in or near the country of the Ammonites; Deut. ii. 20. *Emin*, a giant race, whose very name signifies *terror*, south of the Arnon, an eastern affluent of the Dead Sea."

The Roadmaster's Assistant. William S. Huntingdon. (Chicago: A. N. Kellogg, 1871).—This clearly written little volume thoroughly deserves its title. Many of the requisites to the maintenance of good track it treats with a minuteness and an excellence of judgment which can only be the result of a full and well-digested experience on the part of its author. It avoids most of the prominent questions in railway construction, such as quality and strength of materials, and devices of form for securing greatest service with least quantity; but these major points have always received due attention. Mr. Huntingdon has selected neglected topics, and with a just apprehension of their real importance has presented them forcibly and plainly. In indicating good methods for maintaining safe and efficient roadways with such devices and materials as are ordinarily supplied, he has rendered a service to railway owners of which they should be wise enough to avail themselves.

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